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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

OU have no more right to conse for the selfish use of you and rs the product of a genial mind, n active brain, than you have to to house the sunlight or to mobilize the water that gushes out of mountain-side for the refreshing ll.

VE publish in this issue George liam Curtis's address before the Nal Unitarian Conference at Sara a year ago. It is probably his last berate utterance to and with the tarian fellowship, and as such has interest beyond the polish of its ences and the dignity of its sentit. Our readers will recognize aptly though unconciously he racterized the niche which he him will occupy among the great conors of the faith of reason and the gion of character.

IORACE E. SCUDDER, writing of a d's first reading books in a paper ed "The Primer and Literature" in September *Atlantic* says:

In poetry the child finds his half-formed ghts and imaginations fully expressed, and thus he is interpreted to himself. Once let genuine poetry possess a child, and the hardness of later life will not wholly efface its power; but let the cultivation of the love of poetry come late, and it comes hard."

We are glad to have this truth pointed out in connection with a "primer"; but why should not the intelligent parent, if the teacher be too busy, go with the child, direct into the fields of literature. Read to and with little ones the easy things in the big books themselves and they will never know when they began to live on literature.

THE new *Kindergarten Magazine*, published monthly in Chicago, under the editorship of Andrea and Amalie Hofer, carries on its title page three vignettes, respectively of Pestalozzi, Mann, and Froebel. It is fitting that between these great teachers of Europe should be placed the benignant face of Horace Mann, who as much as they, perhaps, advanced the interest of popular education. He taught the teachers of America how to reach the mind of their pupils along the lines of nature, and showed them that culture is a growth like that of the apples on the trees.

PROFESSOR BISHOF of Russia was wont to stoutly protest against the enfranchisment of woman because the average weight of woman's brain is one thousand, two hundred and fifty grams, while the male's brain average one thousand, three hundred and fifty grams. Women have recently had their revenge by weighing the professor's brain after his death and finding that it only weighed one thousand, two hundred and forty grams. He was five grams below the average of the "inferior sex." We wonder if this weighing test might not bring confusion to the argument of some of the Aldermen of the City of Chicago who recently combined in defeating the confirmation of Miss Ada Sweet, as a member of the Board of Education of the city, on the sole ground that she was a woman and not competent to grapple with the executive perplexities of blpuic school work.

THE name of Miss Emily L. Austin is familiar to those who have studied the work among the colored people of the south since the war. She was one of the first women to take hold of the work of educating the freedmen on long lines. She worked her way to the head of one of the most successful institutions of that kind in the south, at Knoxville, Tenn. An account of our visit to this school was published in UNITY some years ago. It combined all the modern methods of manual training and domestic instruction with thorough work in textbook and class-room. Now we are glad to learn that she is heading the movement to build at Hampton an "Abby May Home," in which will be taught, to use her own words, "what is now called domestic science, but which is only another name for good old-fashioned housework in all its branches." Three thousand dollars for the building has already been raised and five hundred more will complete it without debt. The summer students at Hampton are working on the building. Meanwhile, Miss Austin is recruiting in the north, ready for her beneficent work. At Hampton is situated the school which Gen. Armstrong has made famous as a training school for Indians and colored boys in Virginia. We can think of nothing more fitting than that a building of this kind should bear the beneficent name of Abby May, a name which all liberal women and men should be glad to hold in perpetual remembrance, and we trust that there are women readers of UNITY who will promptly complete this benign fund. Any contribution to it my be sent to the Senior Editor of UNITY.

MADAME LOYSON, the wife of "Father Hyacinthe," addressed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago at the Methodist church block, on Thursday, the 29th. We fear she shocked some of those good people by her advocacy of an open fair on Sunday. She objected to turning the thousands who would crowd the city back upon the temptations that will abound on every hand, but suggested how fine it would be to have preaching in every known language of the world so that none need be turned away unfed. She pictured the grandeur of turning the immense building of Liberal Arts on Sunday into one grand sacred concert hall where the sound of praise would be heard and shared by thousands—where the best talent could spend itself in this noble form of worship. After this broad and generous view of what should be done for the spiritual man, she outlined a plan of providing the multitude with pure, cold water, and suggested that bread be baked of convenient form to carry in one's pocket. The picture she made was as she said "not alone of an open World's Fair on Sunday, but of a veritable City of God." Something like this has been UNITY'S demand from the beginning. And we do not yet see anything impracticable in it We do not think it necessary for the management of the Exposition to go into the work of holding religious services. Let them but give open gates and allow all those who desire to preach, pray, sing or lecture, to do so under such circumstances as they may be able to arrange under a friendly administration and subject always to good order and gracious courtesy. Let Madame Loyson's dream be realized.

The Wandering Jew.

The Jews have just been celebrating their New Year festival (September 23). In Chicago the event was impressed upon the Gentile mind by the fact that the congregation over which Dr. Hirsch presides dedicated at that time what is practically a new auditorium, created out of their much enlarged synagogue. The season is a good time to glance at the vicissitudes of this deathless people.

The Wandering Jew, doomed to a terrestrial immortality, for an indignity offered to Jesus on his way to Calvary, has appealed strongly to the imagination of artists; but we do not have to go to the realm of legend and fancy to find the Jew, who has been doomed to be a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth through the weary Christian centuries. The Jew has been hunted like a wild beast, dreaded like a pestilence, despised as a criminal. The story of his persecution is the saddest record in Christendom and his persecution is not yet ended.

That such a treatment must have impressed itself upon the character of the victims goes without the saying. If the Spanish exile must "Take no silver or gold with him," as the order ran, he will, of course, exchange as much of this as possible for diamonds and other precious stones. So the Arabs ripped open the bodies of the victims landed upon their coast to secure the gems they had swallowed. If the Jew is not permitted to hold real estate, of course he will become a trader and thus make himself the capitalist of Christendom, the founder of our banking system, perhaps the inventor of our "bill of exchange." Thus he, whom kings sought to destroy, became the ruler of kings. The Rothschilds of the world have needed no crown to give them imperial power able to loose or bind the dogs of war at their will.

But the Jew did more than introduce the potency of money. In the earlier centuries of our era, Christendom so largely monopolized the supernatural world that the Jew was left the natural world for his field. So we find him studying mathematics, astronomy and medicine, while his Christian persecutors were drunk with ghostly consolations and enamored of miracles, and of heaven. The Jews were the teachers of the Saracens and Moors, who in the dark ages injected into Europe a bright ray of scientific light.

Not only in the realm of science were they forerunners but the descendants of Isaiah and the fellow countrymen of Paul kept the torch of philosophy burning. The intellectual vigor of these people makes them still dominant. In spite, or on account, of these persecutions the Jew is still represented by more than his proportions in all the departments of learning, whether it be philosophic, classic, or scientific.

One writer at least, and that a woman, has compelled us to recognize these facts in a way we cannot forget. She who has coupled a larger heart with a larger brain than was ever before combined in a woman's form, she who stands with the foremost of her age, of any sex or nation, as a confessor of the human soul, a voice of the spirit, a weapon against wrong, has called attention to the significant fact that these people "with oriental sunlight in their blood, yet capable of being everywhere acclimatized have a force and a toughness which enables them to carry off the best prizes." At the time of her writing she could say "The leader of the Republican party in France is a Jew, the leader of the Liberal party in Germany is a Jew, and the head of the Conservative party in England is a Jew." George Eliot in Daniel Deronda and in that short crisp and eloquent essay of hers, "The Modern Hep, Hep, Hep, in Theophrastus Such" has given the most masterly rebuke to the so-called Christian world for its most unchristian treatment of its own mother, that has been offered since the days of Lessing. His "Nathan the Wise" is a book whose moral grandeur, a hundred

years has not yet prepared us for. It was the first commanding note in modern thought that compelled attention to the fact, that the three great Monotheistic religions of the world are of Jewish origin. They gave, as George Eliot puts it roundly "religion to one-half of the world and that the more civilized half."

It will not do to forget, that these eighteen hundred years of steadfastness and growth is a direct outcome of that ancient life reflected in what we call the Old Testament. There is no break in the continuity. Judaism has not been cut in two by Christianity, or Mohammedanisn. We know not which is the more admirable, that great storehouse of human life reflected in the regulations of the Pentateuch, the morality of the prophets, the devoutness of the Psalms and the subtle philosophy of Job and the Wisdom Series; or the tremendous strength, the grim loyalty mingled with domestic tenderness and purity which those old writings have inspired in the long generations of the homeless Jew. But the two go together, one cannot be understood without the other and both are worthy of study.

Such considerations emphasize the importance of the Sunday-school studies which UNITY furthers this year under the lead of Mr. Hugenholtz. And for this reason we rejoice in the work which Professor Moulton began last Sunday night in his University Extension work at All Souls Church in Chicago, on the "Literary Study of the Bible." Not dogma but literature, not theology but poetry, not doctrine but life, is the highest find in these old Bible treasures. Not the graduate of the Divinity School but the student of that broader divinity which comes from the study of the broad fields of science and literature is the one to warm again these chilled pages, to relink the broken chain that connects the old with the new, to make brothers of Rabbi Ben Ezra and Isaiah, unite Paul to Ezekiel, the Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount. Religion is impotent in its struggle with bigotry, cruelty and persecution until it is reinforced by knowledge, strengthened by study, made clear-eyed and firm-handed by science.

From Across the Sea.

DEAR UNITY:—The gentle editorial reminder which I find in one of your issues, on my return from a month's seaside sojourn, stirs in me a feeling of shame that a promise, made some time back, should not have been redeemed before. And what can I plead for my neglect? That I have been busy? Oh yes, busy enough, but it is the busy man who finds the most time. No, that, I fear, cannot be my excuse. In old copy-book times one had to write, as a sound moral proposition, that "Procrastination is the thief of time"; and it is just this, that constant putting off has robbed me of the pleasure of sending you some words of greeting, and your readers of— But no! it is not for me to say that they have been robbed of anything.

And now, what am I to say? What is there to tell of what is being done or thought of on this side of the Atlantic? Just at this time we are all holiday making. Legislators, social reformers, parsons, men of business, men of leisure, are seeking recuperation here, there, and everywhere. Some of them are coming back, with a fresh lease of life, and settling down to their duties. Others are still enjoying such a commune with nature, that they will be all the better for it, and will communicate some of their betterment to hundreds of their fellows. This is the lazy time, and possibly it is the growing time, but it will account for any lack of interest which may appear in these lines.

The fact is, we are resting after a period of excitement, a period when men's minds have been greatly and deeply stirred. The general election which took place in the month of June, and for which preparations had long been going on, was no ordinary affair. The strict party lines which ordinarily separate the two great parties in the state were not observed. Men who had been looked upon as staunch Liberals were found in the opposite ranks, and there was a bitterness infused into the struggle for a majority which has long been absent in our electoral contests. On the one side the Tory party, reinforced by allies calling themselves Liberal Unionists, having had six years of power, sought an indorsement of its policy, and appealed to the electors to send it back to carry on the work of maintaining law and order in Ireland. On the other, the Liberals allied to the Irish Nationalists asked the country to show by its verdict that it disapproved of the methods by which Ireland has been governed, and that it desired to give that country such power of Home government as would make its people not only law-abiding but contented. This was the issue upon which the election was fought, and won. The country has converted a majority of seventy odd supporters of Tory rule into a minority of forty, and in so doing has expressed its approval of the principle of Home Rule, though as no special measure embodying that principle was before the country, it is free to withdraw its support of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, should the Bill they introduce be unsatisfactory.

On the eve of the election a carefully prepared demonstration took place in Belfast, designed to show that Ulster would not consent to be governed by an Irish parliament. Subsequent explanations have considerably modified the effect of this demonstration, but it must regretfully be admitted that it had a strong influence on the timid and bigoted. For it was an appeal to bigotry and to the worst passions. Lord Salisbury took advantage of it, and in his address to the electors of Great Britain passionately called upon them to avert the terrors of a civil war, and to save their Protestant brethren in Ireland from the tyranny and oppression of their Catholic fellow subjects. Mr. Gladstone took higher ground than this, and his appeal proved the stronger. No one can doubt that the vigorous personality of our octogenarian premier did much to secure the result. His pluck and endurance; his pertinacity and the sacrifices he has made during the last six years in a cause which commended itself to his sense of right and duty, were factors, the strength of which was incalculable.

And now he has, at the age of eighty-three, a task before him, at which many a younger man would feel appalled. His opponents are bitter, and relentless: they number among them the most powerful and the most wealthy in the land. They can command the pens and the talents of many an able man, and they will not scruple to avail themselves of any story however improbable or malignant, or to use any means which will thwart or hinder the Liberal leader in his work. For it is not simply a question of Home Rule that is being fought over. These men are fighting for the retention of a power which they know to be slipping from them to passing into the hands of the people. One cannot therefore be surprised at their animosity against the people's leader, though we may doubt their wisdom in seeking to stop the incoming tide. Mr. Gladstone will be supported by some able lieutenants. Some of his colleagues have served under him before; some are new men who have yet to win their spurs in office. At present they are engaged in hatching the measures which will be presented to parliament when it meets next year, though, of course, the measure which will be looked for with the greatest curiosity and interest will be that designed to give Home Rule to Ireland.

I have already referred to the cleavage made in the Liberal ranks over this burning question. Probably nowhere has this been shown more distinctly than in the Unitarian body. There have been nineteen members of that body returned to the present parliament, of whom fifteen support and four oppose Mr. Gladstone. It would probably be well within the truth to say that the majority of Unitarians are to be found in the Liberal ranks, but some very prominent men among us are no longer there. Fortunately, while the political division is strong, it has not interfered with the religious work of the denomination, which is being prosecuted vigorously enough. We have recently sustained a loss by the death of the Rev. Henry Ierson, who for the last seventeen years has been the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Although somewhat sudden at the last, his death was scarcely unexpected. He had been suffering from an affection of the heart for some time, and only two months ago he resigned the secretariat, which has fallen into the younger and probably more vigorous hands of the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, who does not seem to know when he has got enough to do. Mr. Ierson was originally trained for the Baptist ministry, but he left that many years ago, and before he entered upon the official duties before mentioned, occupied the London pulpits of South Place, Carter Lane, and Islington. He was a man of culture and learning, but not of much pulpit power. He was courteous in his bearing, and devoted in his attachment to the principles of Unitarianism, his sympathies not being however, with the most advanced school, but lying midway between that and the conservatives.

The Whit-week meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association passed off very successfully. For the first time in the history of the Association the office of president was filled by a minister, the Rev. Dr. Crosskey of Birmingham. He delivered a "presidential address," which has since been published, and has, I hope, reached you. This is an innovation, as in previous years the president has contented himself with making a few "remarks." Dr. Crosskey's address was a much more formal announcement, and I venture to think, fully as able as any that has of late years fallen from the chairman of the Congregational or Baptist Unions, or even from the president of the Wesleyan Conference. In connection with the Association it has been determined to establish a lectureship to be called "The Essex Hall Lecture," that hall being our headquarters. The first is to be given by Stopford Brooke who will take for his topic "The Influence of Religion on Literature." It will not, however, be given before next Whitsuntide.

Since I wrote you last, Brooke Herford has settled down at Hampstead, and is throwing himself *more suo* into the work of the denomination. His congregation has largely increased, and he is attracting the interest of the younger members of his flock who are attaching themselves to the work of the church. Two of our London pulpits are still vacant, and a third is being only temporarily supplied. Last month Robert Coll preached in two of our London ch els, and last week he was accorde public reception at Essex Hall. N it be said that he was listened to w rapt attention, or that his addres were full of a happy combination humor and pathos?

Two events have created so thing more than a passing interest the religious world. I mean meeting of the Summer School Theology at Oxford, and the Grind wald Conference on Church Uni The former was attended by so three hundred ministers of all deno inations, who on the invitation Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield C lege, Oxford, listened to lectures a addresses by some of the princi exponents of what is termed Higher Criticism in England a America. Charles Briggs was the and was more enthusiastically ceived; Professors Marcus Dods a Bruce were among the lecture and Canon Driver, too. Of cou the conservative element was wanting, but some of the stateme made by the heretical professors m have startled not a few of their heare Early in the present year a prot was sent to the *Times* newspaper nouncing this Higher Criticism undermining faith in the Bible, God, and the supernatural. It signed by forty dignitaries of Church of England, but only serv to call forth far more effective co terblasts, and the *Times* itself, i leading article, adopted the ne conclusions, and set aside as fool and mistaken the criticism it had years continued to make. That s a thing as the Summer School sho have taken place at all is enough make some of the old stagers rub th eyes; that it should have taken pl in that hot bed of orthodoxy, Oxfo would be still more surprising wer not for the fact that the teaching the late school of critics has been m ing quiet headway for some time.

With respect to the conference Church Union at Grindelwald Switzerland, I do not anticipate m will come of it. Of course those w go there are prepared to be civil a courteous; temporarily they will s to unionize differences, and try to f a basis for union. But such a basi a doctrinal, therefore a mistaken o There is no doubt that some of churches could, with little difficul bring themselves into union. W divides them is some little matter ritual or church government. Bu church union that leaves out the tionalistic element in religion i one-sided sort of affair and that is j what is the matter with this con ence. If all these good people wo but realize that it is not so muc union of churches as a unity of sp that is needed they would be do far more good than in promot "pious picnics" in a delightful co try. At the same time we may h that out of this very desire for un there may be born a new spirit, a that at any rate there may com gradual toning down of sectarian perities as men come to know e other better and to appreciate the ferences which education and temp ment and social surroundings g rise to.

We have been greatly favored year in the matter of visitors fr your side. Early in the spring F Adler drew crowds to listen to his position of Ethical Culture; t Edward Everett Hale, Senator H and Edward Atkinson came to us, and others of the brethren w names are not so familiar to us gav an opportunity of making or ren ing their acquaintance, and shortly are hoping to see the friend w muses in the *Christian Register* enlivens us with his "Brevities."

London, September, 1892.

Contributed and Selected.

Lines.

joy are all the flowers' roots,
And love makes everything;
'is love glows in the lowest brutes
And fashions every wing.

happy heart is everywhere,
A loving thought in all;
father heart beats on to share
Whatever may befall.

me it gracious doth abide,
Moves with my pilgrimage;
know if it were selfish pride,
If it were wicked rage,

he birds would die, the flowers blight,
And all things rot in graves;
he sun put out, eternal night,
Insanity that raves.

ut birds at song and blooming flowers
And beating heart of mine,
ach thing that moves in life's dear powers
Are in the love divine.

o fare I forth, whatever way
May call my growing soul;
'hrough all the changes love doth stay,
And joy laughs through the whole.

—*J. W. Scott, in Kindly Light.*

The Conference Resolution.

I am sorry to see the quotation in ITY of Mr. Salter's remarks on the ich-questioned "resolution." Mr. lter is an admirable, noble man—ne finer. But there is a dialect of Unitarian household which he ows not. He is alien to it by birth. never has acquired it by study ven if so alone it could be acquired), ll less by residence. When we ne to the *niceties* and delicate oms of a language, it is not the reign-bred that we go to for instruc-n nor that should himself be very ady and confident in it. I deem . Salter wholly astray as to the nificance of the resolution, astray en as to its *literal* implication, and ll more astray as to its spiritual ent and force in the minds of those *ose votes passed it.*

There is one point which seems to ve been entirely overlooked in the scussions of this subject in UNITY. call attention to that point is all wish to do at present. I refer to e language adopted by the Confer-ce in 1889, in the "Report of the mmittee on the Endowment Fund." e Report says—

"The object of this fund is: *To give eater permanency and efficiency to the mis-nary work* of the Western Unitarian Con-ence, which, after serving the cause of igious liberty and practical piety for rty-seven years, has proven its right to blic confidence and its capacity *effectually work for the cause of liberal religion;*

To place the Conference on a firm basis as organization that is *fundamentally com-lted to the propagation of a religion* in ich character will be made superior to all ought lines or doctrinal distinctions;

To *aid in the building of churches*, the nditions of whose membership will always open to those who through such activities sire to advance or to be advanced in Truth, ghteousness and Love.

* * * * *

We believe that the West needs such a igion and such churches as this Confer-ce *has* fostered."

This Report was *adopted* heartily the Conference.

It means not, nor can mean, either ore or less than the resolution now question. The italics, of course, e mine, introduced merely to show the eye the language equivalent to at of the resolution; nor do the her expressions not italicized limit ose words any more than the reso-tion is limited to the same intent the words, "In harmony with the regoing PREAMBLE." The capitals course, are mine.

From this it follows:

1. That the Conference once having set forth and recorded in the general course of its business, the substance and intent of the resolution, ought steadily to have refused to say it again, as needless, as in a manner trifling with its own record, and especially as being demanded then under circumstances which would lay the action open to the possibility and even probability of grave misconception.

2. That the Report of the Committee on the Endowment Fund and its adoption by the Conference being on record, those who offered and insisted on the resolution had no just occasion for it, and ought not to have asked it.

3. That it is not so excellent, rational or gracious now, as it would have been then, if ever, to broach the withholding of subscriptions from the Endowment Fund.

J. V. B.

What Did Jesus do on Sunday Evening?

We know that he walked through the corn-field on Sunday and plucked and ate the ears; and when the Pharisees reproved him, answered that it was lawful even to profane the temple as David and his friends did while they appeased their hunger with the show bread. We know also that he healed the withered hand and defended himself from their censure by the story of the sheep that had fallen into the pit; concluding with the answer "Wherefore it *is* lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." All of these things he did on the Sabbath day, but what did he do in the evening? Did he refrain then, do you think, from works of helpfulness, of kindness and pity? Did he refrain, do you imagine, to speak for the downtrodden, the oppressed, the helpless, on Sabbath evening?

We are asking this question, because our attention has been called to the enormity practiced in these days of secular lectures on Sunday evening—lectures that take no text from the Scriptures of two thousand years ago, but find them on every hand when they walk the back streets of our great cities. Pinched faces, insufficient clothing, filth, disease and degradation are the familiar texts for such sermons, though they may lack the conventional setting of "firstly" and "secondly." Somehow we have a feeling that if Jesus could walk through South Halsted street to-day, and behold the unfortunates there, he would not need to formulate a parable to teach the lesson of the Good Samaritan, and we think he would not object to telling the story of their wrongs if the synagogues were to be opened to him on Sunday evenings.

Where are our hearts and our heads, that we dare make objections to such use of Sunday evening as shall help the ignorant and the needy to a better knowledge of life? Where are our consciences if we refrain from puncturing the equanimity of the complacently comfortable who shut their eyes and try to believe that the misery of the slums is *all* of its own making? It seems quite probable that if Jesus could have heard Mr. Biznow or Mrs. Kelly last winter, when they told of the sweating system and of the child labor in the stamping works, where the daily loss of a few fingers was a thing too common to excite surprise, and where the child must bind himself before he is employed, not to visit upon his employer any responsibility for his misfortunes, it seems, I say, that he might have been stirred with righteous indignation like unto that shown to the money-changers in the temple and he might have violated the Sabbath evening by telling the story of their wrongs. Who dare say that we would not?

To the ears of the Nineteenth Century Unitarians, all this questioning as to the probable action of Jesus may seem superfluous and to be answered by the general statement that what seems right is to be done in spite of all precedent or authority, approval or disapproval of persons even the most sacred. What is wanted they may tell us in the words of Dorothea Dix is "Not to be followers of Jesus but to be followers of what he followed."

We must learn with the courageous editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* not to be followers of Christ but to *be* Christs.

"The world's saviors are the movements of humanity itself—not so much individuals as ideas."

* *

Leaving the Slough Behind.

In the struggle of life many men and women are hampered and depressed by the memory of past weaknesses, errors, and sins. The hours of their real spiritual prosperity are overshadowed and embittered by the recollection of their spiritual adversities. It is one of the wise and helpful laws of our nature that in freeing ourselves from weakness and sin we do not free ourselves from the memory of them. The value of the experience lies in the lesson we learn from it, and the truest repentance is often witnessed by the poignancy of the sorrow, and both the lesson and the sorrow have their roots in memory. But while we are not to forget that we have sometimes fallen, we are not always to carry the mud with us; the slough is behind, but the clean, clearly-defined road stretches ahead of us, skies are clear, and God is beyond. We were made for purity, truth and fidelity, and the very abhorrence of the opposites of these qualities, which grows and deepens within us, bears testimony that our aspirations are becoming our attainments. The really noble thing about any man or woman is not freedom from all stains of the lower life, but the deathless aspiration which forever drives us forward and will not let us rest in any past whether good or bad. That which makes us respect ourselves is not what men call a blameless career, but the hunger and thirst after God which makes all our doing unsatisfying and inadequate to us. Better a thousand times the eager and passionate fleeing to God from a past of faults and weaknesses, with an irrresistible longing for rest in the everlasting verities, than the most respectable career which misses this profound impulse. The past remains with us to remind us of our perils and our constant need of help, but it ought not to haunt and oppress us. The real life of an aspiring soul is always ahead. We are not fleeing from the devil but seeking God.—*Christian Union.*

Divinus Hominis Animus.

When, in their lapse the slow-drawn centuries
Parting at last, in glorious light unveil
One lonely form, supreme above assail
That strives in vain to shake the inward peace,
Yet strongly passioning for man's release
From bonds of sin and darkness' ancient bale;
Why such an one not man, but God, we hail,
Deny to noble manhood such increase?
Ah soul! Thou feignest. In thine own poor heart
Thou know'st a latent fire, that, stirred and fanned
By strenuous high effort, would expand
Triumphant, to consume thy baser part,
Snatch thee from these soul-stifling cares of thine,
And bear thee to the heights thou call'st divine.

MARIAN MEAD.

ALL reform must come from above; the more favored must always lift the less favored.

MUSIC FOR

Cantatas.

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ON TAKING THE CHAIR AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT SARATOGA, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — I confess some little diffidence in finding myself in this place; for, although I have had some experiences of political conventions in this hall, I fear that I must call myself too much a stranger to a religious assembly. The word "religious" may, however, be ill chosen; for I have heard that Unitarians are altogether given over to "mere morality." But I have not been dismayed by hearing it, for I know of no Church or State that has been harmed by it; and it has sometimes seemed to me that both Church and State might be greatly benefited by a little more mere morality. But I throw myself upon your charitable forbearance. Bred a Unitarian, I have been always accustomed to great freedom of thought and speech; and I am confident that the parliamentary rules of a Unitarian conference, however they may restrict in the interest of others the excursions of our speech in length, yet will never constrain what Roger Williams called soul liberty, which is the distinctive glory of the Unitarian name.

My first duty, after thanking you, as I most cordially do, for assigning me to this place and welcoming you to the opening of this auspicious and promising congress, is to recall your thoughts for a moment to the distinguished man in whose place I stand, the late President of this Conference, Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Every church gladly decorates itself with the names of its great confessors. Every party and every cause is strong in the genius, in the renown and the service of its representatives. And the liberal religious spirit of this country finds its happiest illustration in the good and great men who have borne its name, in the great movements of progress and reform, social, moral, religious, with which it is identified, and with that constant extension of the spirit of religious liberty which universally prevails. I know that these are facts of which it is constantly said that we are most aggressively conscious and most painfully unwilling to forget. Why should we forget them? England remembers always with pride that Alfred, Shakspere, Newton, Howard, were Englishmen. Never does American patriotism tire of telling the story of Washington, nor any land the traditions of its heroes and of its heroic days. Tell me why should not Unitarianism point to its illustrious confessors, and say, "These are my interpreters, these are my children?" Why should it not point to great public service, to noble character, to righteous lives, and say, "If these are the fruits of heterodoxy, so much the worse for orthodoxy?" I like to think that Mr. Justice Miller was a Unitarian, not because of any theological or ecclesiastical views that he may have held—for I do not know what they were—nor for any sectarian or denominational pride that I feel—for I am not conscious of any—but the association of his name, the association of the life, the character and career of an eminent public magistrate and a constitutional jurist rivaled only by John Marshall, commends to public sympathy and intelligence the truth that Christianity is less to be considered an orthodox doctrine than a righteous life.

It is always an interesting question, and one upon which the reports and debates of this Conference will undoubtedly throw a great deal of light, whether the number of Unitarian societies in this country increases proportionately with the increase of population. I confess for myself that is a less important and less interesting question than the other: whether the spirit of Christianity, the spirit, that is to say, of love, of fraternity, of brotherhood and religious liberty, is — as I think — constantly advancing. This last question is one which obviously cannot be answered in any very definite or detailed manner. It is not answered by counting all the churches and the communicants, all the preachers and the converts, of all the various denominations in the country, as indeed they are counted in the annual census. You may always enumerate in any community those who cry, "Lord, Lord"; but who shall estimate in numbers the great host of those who do the will of the Father? I am very sure that the increase in the number of Unitarian societies in the country is an indication of the deepening and extension of this spirit. For, although these societies may differ widely theologically and ecclesiastically, although they may not be bound by any common creed or profession, yet I suppose they do all cherish and faithfully inculcate the common faith at which I have hinted,— that the essential point of the teaching of Christ was less a theory of the divine nature, of the divine operation in the universe, than it is a body of rules for righteous living.

If conscience be the voice of God in our souls, I feel very sure, if I may judge your promptings by mine, that it does not exhort us to believe nine or thirty-nine or thirty-nine hundred articles. It exhorts us to do this because it is right, and not to do that because it is wrong.

A great many years ago, when my kindly friend, the successor of your old Dr. Hopkins, in his pulpit said to me, "My friend, all that you need to make sure of heaven is a good dogma," it seemed to me that he might as wisely have said, "All that you need to save your soul is a correct pronunciation of the word 'shibboleth.'" I should be very little interested in this Conference if it were designed to draw more distinctly the lines or to build more firmly and strongly the walls of denominational difference. The other day Robert Collyer preached a Unitarian sermon in a Congregational Orthodox community of upright, industrious American men and women, in a community, so far as I know, where no Unitarian sermon was ever heard before, except one that I had myself the pleasure of reading,—a sermon of James Freeman Clarke's. And while my friend Mr. Collyer was obliged to betake himself to the town hall to preach his sermon, I was invited into the pulpit of the Congregational church to read mine. And the only explanation I can give is found in some old saying about a certain class of people rushing in "where angels fear to tread." I have never seen, however, what to my mind was a more truly Unitarian spectacle than the preaching of this sermon of Mr. Collyer's. The hall was even more crowded than the one in which we are now assembled, if that were possible. And in front of all, standing upon the seat of the pew to be seen of all men and directing the singing of the hymns that we sung from the Congregational hymn-book, stood the pastor of the Congregational church. It was not surprising that a day or two afterward one of his neighbors said, "Well, Mr. Collyer, this morning we are all Unitarians." And why not? They had not heard it said in that sermon, "You must believe as I believe or be damned." They had heard only that they must love mercy, do justly, walk humbly; they must cast out of their lives evil passions and appetites, and fill them full to overflowing with the beauty of holiness. The same qualities of human nature that make parties in politics make in religious thought sects, denominations, creeds and churches. But as in politics wise men are apt to see that party spirit leads to excess, and is, therefore, to be restrained rather than exasperated, so in our religious development sectarian feeling always tends to bigotry, intolerance, hatred, to the fires of the Inquisition, to the desolation of the Thirty Years' War, to the censures, the rebukes, the disciplines, the excommunications of bishops and of synods and of all ecclesiastical authorities. But our duty, the duty of all good men and all good women, is something else than that. It is not tolerance. No human soul may tolerate another. Arcturus in the heavens does not tolerate Orion or the Pleiades. They all shine there by the same celesial light. Our duty is not to cultivate tolerance, but that spirit of universal love, of charity, of liberty, in politics, in society, in religion, in practical charity. It is to hear, in the words of another, of our brother lately dead, whose name will be always one of our precious possessions, — to hear in the words of Lowell, in "Sir Launfal," the words of the Master himself:—

> "The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need;
> Not what we give, but what we share,—
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
> Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

May this be the spirit of our Conference as it is the spirit of the Unitarian communion!

Reflections on Matthew Arnold's Poetry.

One lingers as gratefully, after the feverishness and frivolity of much modern verse, beside a poet who surveys life in a serious and earnest temper, as the mountain climber panting up the steep pitches of a rough forest path does beside the cold spring that pours a long-desired freshness over pebbles and spongy moss. As simply and directly as needful water fulfills the craving of the body does the pure, limpid stream of such poetry as Matthew Arnold's satisfy the inward demands of the spirit, which, so often slighted, are also human and imperative.

The spread of the passion for truth is one of the highest achievements of our age. *Reality or death* might be given as a watchword of the best modern minds, and with this spirit Arnold's poetry is deeply in touch. Yet his handling of reality is remote indeed from that ordinary play of scientific hardness whose brilliancy, like that of an iridescent film, depends on its shallowness. A believer in the older humanism, in the gracious Hellenic ideal, Arnold stands for the perfecting of the inner life, the central reality to which the scientific attitude, with all its material and intellectual value, pays little attention.

Work of this thoughtful character is always unlikely to please the many, who regard reality as synonymous with simplicity. Indeed, personal, subjective composition of a high order must lack wide popularity, since what Amiel or De Senancour could expect his neighbors' shorter ropes to reach far down the well which he himself could not sound in a lifetime? And personal verse Arnold's for the most part, is, in spite of an aim toward the classical and purely objective method implied in the preface to the poems of 1853. A more exquisite form of irony is hard to conceive than that disengaged by a comparison of the expressed intentions of writers with their actual achievements,—Dante in *Convito*, promising to unlo[...] [...]owledge, to feed man upon [...] [...]ead of Angels," and produ[...] [...] fabric of mediæval an[...] [...]physics; Milton a[...] [illegible] [...] of God [...] [illegible] at Essen [...] whose [...] totelian meta[...] [illegible] to justify the wa[...] [illegible] and creating a poe[...] [illegible] theology is the one g[...] [illegible] imaginative greatnes[...] [illegible] beginning with theori[...] [illegible] the of rustic simplicity of d[...] [illegible] in p[...] and composing such [...] [illegible] cathedral-built languag[...] as *Ti[...] Abbey*, or *Laodameia*.

But though one may smile, [...] reading, for instance, *The B[...] Life*, *Obermann Once More*, o[...] *Grande Chartreuse*, to remember [...] Arnold holds the poet "most [...]nate, where he most entirely suc[...] in effacing himself"; yet the [...] has no touch of regret. The e[...]ment of such a personality would [...] been a loss for which many stud[...] the classical vein, even as fin[...] *Balder*, and *Sohrab and Ru[...]* could not compensate.

Arnold's dominant characteri[...] the note, as he himself would [...] said, of his poetry, are an in[...] sensibility to beauty in its n[...] forms, especially the more abs[...] moral and intellectual beauty; [...] passionate ideality, unconqu[...] though bruised, by the inevi[...] hostility of the world. Sufferi[...] of course implied, but he, per[...] suffered more than many of [...]kind, for the lack of natural buo[...] of temperament, of the useful el[...]ity which carries most men with [...] effort of their own from dark mu[...] into the light of common day, [...] they ply their daily tasks rega[...] of all but the moment. With A[...] the peace he so longs for comes [...] by difficult self-conquest. The [...] that lights him cannot fail, b[...] storms of grief and doubt his [...] wavers and grows dim—yet, th[...] not unfaltering, the struggle st[...] noble, and ends, not indeed wit[...]umphant pæans, difficult to a [...]tive spirit in an age of disintegra[...] yet with words whose exalting [...] rouses the reader like a trumpet [...]

This battling of a man to [...] righteousness, truth, peace, love [...] intellectual beauty are the life o[...] against the inharmonious out[...] conditions of the modern worl[...] the subject-matter of a poetry [...] power, not recognized perhap[...] many, is intense where it is felt a[...] Those who vividly realize the [...] and beauty which man might [...] and does not, returning often to "[...] deep-sober'd heart," will find he[...] sympathy and renewed strengt[...] "work or wait."

Such consolations Arnold hi[...] found in the Greek poets and W[...]worth, the chief springs of his [...] inspiration in so far as this was de[...] from other writers. Of the two [...]ities which enter almost invar[...] into his verse, moral depth, an[...] love of nature, the former, stimul[...] no doubt by both the ancient an[...] modern teaching, is more nearl[...]lied to the stern sense of inexo[...] and august doom worked out b[...] Greeks, especially the traged[...] than to the "serious faith and in[...] glee" of Wordsworth's cityless [...]losophy. Yet it is not a hard fat[...] but an awe-inspiring sense o[...] *divinity* that shapes our ends, [...] says,

> "Even so we leave behind
> As, charter'd by some unknown [...]
> We stem across the sea of life by n[...]
> The joys which were not for our [...]signed,
> The friends to whom we had no [...]right,
> The homes that were not destine[...] ours."

(*Human [...]*

After all influences are take[...] account, Arnold's religious poe[...] use an old-fashioned name for [...]uct strikingly new) remains [...]

tially unique. It is entirely modern in its freedom from traditional beliefs, and entirely characteristic in its freedom from metaphysics and mysticism. "Wisdom and goodness, they are God!" he cries, in the sonnet called *The Divinity;* while that on *Immortality* voices his thought on another great question:

"And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly to eternal life."

The sonnets, *Worldly Place*, *The Better Part*, and *Religious Isolation* further declare "this simpler lore," the faith of ethics, with a poetic accent befitting so sublime a theme; while there are few of the poems which do not bear more or less directly on similar subjects.

As for Arnold's feeling for nature, this could not but be strengthened by dwelling amid such poetic memories as haunt that charming lane which winds between Rydal Mount and Ambleside, where Skiddaw and Helvellyn, the Rotha and the Stock Ghyll Force, Grasmere and Windermere, with all the other glories of "Wordsworthshire," are delightful and not too distant realities. Arnold, like his predecessor in this realm, was a worshiper of the mighty mother. The conception in *The Youth of Nature*, and *The Youth of Man*, of nature as an objective consciousness, is thoroughly Wordsworthian. But the two poets work with such different scales of color that one seldom catches a common effect. The delicate, much-mingled tones of the younger, touched with a feeling as genuine, belong more to the artistic, less to the spontaneous, order of verse—a distinction, perhaps, more apparent than real, since the difference at bottom consists only in the varying swiftness of the poetic impulse in dissimilar minds. Yet in the results the difference is too plain to be ignored. Compare anything of Arnold's with the fresh directness of such a piece as "*My Heart Leaps Up*,"—and the chasm between his manner and that of his master is obvious. More complex issues burdening a more impassioned heart sought expression in the modern man and retarded his voice.

Was it not this very complexity and unrelenting pressure of the life of to-day which drove him to the contemplation of the distinctive aspects of unity and simplicity in nature? The vast depths of sky and sea—the "plainness and clearness without shadow of stain" of the mighty heavens, the "width of the waters, the hush of the gray expanse," the mountains, whose solemn peaks are known "but to the stars and the cold lunar beams;" such themes, potent to calm and to fortify, Arnold touches to a new and heart-thrilling music. The magic of the sea inspired a strain of unique charm in *The Neckan* and *The Forsaken Merman*. The *Tristram and Iseult*, clear and pure in outline as a cunning bas-relief, or an overture of Glück, yet wins a certain shadowy, haunting charm from the ceaseless throb of the "unquiet, bright Atlantic plain," the "grey Atlantic sea," which beats dimly through the human passion of the poem till this seems to partake of the element's eternal stress. The simpler delights of the warm "green-muffled" earth, Arnold paints with a loving hand, bringing out such delicate, fugitive detail as

". . . . . Spring-days
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest ways."
(*Thyrsis.*)

or

"The mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass."
(*Ibid.*)

The subject of descriptive power is closely involved with that of poetic method. Arnold's is based on the Greek system, which made construction the fundamental idea of composition, regarding details only as subordinate parts of an organized whole, contrary to the modern tendency to find a sufficient *raison d'être* for a work in its particular and detached felicities. "What distinguishes the artist from the mere amateur," says Goethe, "is Architectonicè in the highest sense; that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes; not the profoundness of single thoughts, not the richness of imagery, not the abundance of illustration." (Preface to Poems.) It is this largeness of grasp, this scorn of the commoner dallying muse, who lives only for the dainty trick of the moment, which causes Arnold's work to be characterized as cold classicism by certain critics. With the larger aim goes also the temperance in style of the Greeks, the *ascêsis* of which Mr. Pater has until lately been not only prophet but practicer. To what poetic triumphs this clearness of direction, this purposeful self-control constituting the morality of style, may lead, is seen in, for example, *In Utrumque Paratus*, an exquisite embodiment of difficult abstract thought; in the tender melancholy of *Dover Beach;* and in the varying music of *A Summer Night*, *The Future*, *Philomela*. *To Marguerite, Continued* and *Westminster Abbey*. The perfect cadence of these and others lingers long in the ear, more than atoning for certain roughnesses in some of the poems. For when Arnold's subject is entirely within his proper range, substance and expression are fused; at the approaches of the vital thought the resistless music swells, and carries it onward like a tidal wave.

It is a great advantage of the poetry whose beauty is thus structural and a direct outgrowth of moral values, that long familiarity with it only multiplies and heightens its charms. To those who are touched by the noble sadness of a mind battling through life against sordid commonness, and, amid the problems of a threatening age, sustained by a faith too pure to fasten at once upon men in that wide fellowship of high sympathies, so dear a consolation to the religious nature—to such those poemless later years, and the pathetic death before time could be spared for the longed-for creative work, must be a matter of deep regret. The solemn beauty of the *Westminster Abbey*, an elegy which should become dear as *Lycidas* to lovers of poetry, shows what treasures might have been ours but for the blind Fury of the shears.

"But hush! this mournful strain
Which would of death complain,
The oracle forbade, not ill-inspired.—
That Pair, whose head did plan, whose hands did forge
The Temple in the pure Parnassian gorge,
Finished their work, and then a meed required.
"Seven days," the God replied,
Live happy, then expect your perfect meed!"
Quiet in sleep, the seventh night, they died.
Death, death was judged the boon supreme indeed.
"And truly he who here
Hath run his bright career,
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
And borne to light and right his witness high,
What could he better ask than then to die,
And wait the issue, sleeping underground?
Why should he pray to range
Down the long age of truth that ripens slow;
And break his heart with all the baffling change,
And all the tedious tossing to and fro?"

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Notes from the Field.

Meadville, Pa.—The annual meeting of the trustees of the Theological School was held on Saturday, September 24; present, Miss Huidekoper and Messrs. Bemis, Hempstead, Hosmer, Edgar Huidekoper, and Tyler. The meeting continued through the day. In the forenoon the Board of Instruction met with the Trustees. President Carey, chairman of the committee to whom the matter had been referred, reported a series of By-laws. These were separately considered and, with some modifications, were adopted for the government of the future action of the Board. One of the most important of these by-laws concerns the filling of vacancies in the Board. Hereafter when such vacancy occurs, the Secretary of the Board is to notify the President of the Alumni Association, inviting nominations (in number double the number of such vacancies) from the association. Nominations are also in order from any member of the Board. Such nominations are to be sent to each member of the Board at least two weeks before the annual meeting, and the written ballots of absent members will be counted in the election. A motion of similar effect, so far as regards election by the full Board, was passed a year ago last June, to apply to the election of a year ago. Two of the three vacancies were filled at the recent meeting by the unanimous election of Rev. J. Ll. Jones and Miss Anna Huidekoper. Miss Huidekoper will continue in charge of the distribution of the Brookes Fund, in place of her father, the late Prof. Frederick Huidekoper. The Board passed appropriate resolutions in memory of this long-time friend and patron of the school, and of his brother, the late Alfred Huidekoper, for many years President of the Board. The salaries of Professor Freeman and Professor Chesley were each raised $200 (making $1,600, exclusive of house-rent.) Rev. W. W. Fenn was elected for the coming five years as non-resident lecturer. Rev. Washington Gladden has been engaged so give ten lectures in late November or early December upon Social Science, on the Adin Ballou foundation, the generous gift of Mrs. Heywood in memory of her father.

—The School opens with a new class of nine students, of whom two are women. Altogether the professors and students are looking forward to a good year of work. Mr. Hosmer remained over the Sunday and preached at the Meadville church, occupying the pulpit with Mr. Volentine.

—The committee (President Cary, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Hosmer) to whom was referred the overture from the liberal German churches for some provision for educating their young men at the School, were unable to take any action at the meeting called on Friday, September 23, owing to the inability of the German representatives to be present. The matter will now necessarily go over till another year.

Michigan Conference.—We have received the following program of the Michigan Conference of Independent and Unitarian churches to be held with the Independent Congregational church, Battle Creek, Mich., October 11, 12 and 13, 1892. Tuesday evening, Opening sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit; Wednesday, October 12, (1) 9 A. M., Devotional Service; (2) Reports of Officers, and Discussion of State Work; 2 P. M., Paper—"The Outer and Inner Court of Religion," by Rev. G.W. Buckley, Sturgis; 3 P. M., Paper—"Evil," by Mrs. Sarah A. King, Grand Rapids; Discussion opened by Rev. A. G. Jennings, Toledo, Ohio; 7:30 P. M., Symposium—subject, "The Church and Social Reform." (1) The Church and Temperance, Rev. J. T. Sunderland; (2) The Church and Woman's Advancement, Rev. F. L. Hosmer; (3) The Church and Labor Reform, Rev. Ida C. Hultin; (4) The Church and Social Democracy, Rev. Mila F. Tupper. Thursday, 9:30 A. M., Devotional Service; 10:30 A. M., Paper—"The Bible as Literature and Revelation," Rev. W. W. Fenn; Discussion led by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, followed by Rev. J. T. Sunderland and others. 2 P. M., Paper—"Humanity's Future," Rev. T. B. Forbush; Discussion led by Rev. H. T. Root; 3:30 P. M., Closing business; 7:30 P. M., Closing Sermon by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Chicago.

Cleveland, O.—After a month of very acceptable service in Unity Church pulpit, which the congregation would gladly have prolonged, Mr. Francis A. Christie turns to the pursuits of the student and scholar in his chosen field. He will spend the winter either at Cambridge or in Germany.

—The opening evening of the Unity Club brought together some eighty members at the banquet board. Prof. C. H. Benjamin, of the Case School of Applied Science, who is president of the Club for the coming year, presided. Toasts were responded to, and the work of the year was discussed. Mr. Christie was made an honorary member of the Club, sharing this tribute with Mr. Edwin D. Mead who was thus elected ten years ago. Mr. Hosmer was present at this opening meeting. Much interest is shown in the work of the coming year, which combines a study of the old English dramatists with alternate evenings given to the discussion of social and economic questions.

—The funeral of Mrs. Nancy H. Willard (wife of Joseph W. Willard, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Unity Church,) took place from the family residence on Monday afternoon, Sept. 26. Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Christie conducted the service, which was attended by a very large circle of friends. Mrs. Willard has been one of the most actively interested members of Unity Church since its re-organization in 1878. She was a woman very much beloved by young and old, and her life of threescore-years-and thirteen has its record in the grateful memory of all who have known her. Her simple and trustful creed had constant confirmation in her deed. H.

Boston.—At the September meeting of the Board of Directors of the A. U. A., the "Central West" was the field specially considered, and the following appropriations were voted:

Cincinnati, Unity church	$ 500.00
Covington, Ky. (Mission)	100.00
La Porte, Ind.	300.00
Ann Arbor, Mich.	1,600.00
Sturgis, Mich.	300.00
Jackson, Mich.	250.00
Midland and Mt. Pleasant, Mich	200.00
Sherwood, Mich.	300.00
Geneva, Ill.	200.00
Moline, Ill.	200.00
Shelbyville, Ill. (Mr. Douthit's work.)	400.00
Madison, Wis.	1,000.00
West Superior, Wis.	600.00
Baraboo, Wis.	125.00
Eau Claire	200.00
Winona, Minn.	450.00
Luverne, Minn	200.00
Rev. Kristofer Jansen's work	1,000.00
Rev. Mr. Brauti's work	480.00
Sioux Falls, South Dakota	600.00
Fargo, North Dakota	500.00
Winnipeg, Man. (Rev. Mr. Peterson)	800.00
Rev. Mr. Skaptason's work (Manitoba)	200.00
(additional, for press and types)	200.00
Des Moines, Ia.	500.00
Beatrice, Neb.	200.00
Carthage, Mo.	200.00
Joplin, Mo.	100.00
Colorado Springs, Col.	500.00
Helena, Montana	166.67
Rev. T. B. Forbush, (salary as Western agent of A. U. A.)	3,000.00

—Rev. Arthur M. Knapp recommends a visit to Japan as a summer vacation trip for those ministers who can get away for three months. The cost of the voyage, as compared with a trip to Europe, is made up by the cheaper cost of living while in Japan, he says.

—Rev. A. D. Mayo has just closed a very interesting course of evening sermons before the Young Men's Christian Union. His last subject was "Washington."

—The October local conferences will be enriched with the summer European experiences of our ministers.

—Rev. A. M. Knapp will speak to the Channing Conference October 11 in Fairhaven, Mass., about Unitarianism in Japan.

—During October Rev. Messrs. Reynolds, De Normandie and Mayo will lead discussions before the "Monday Club."

—Rev. A. P. Peabody will open the autumn Sunday services at King's Chapel, preaching every Sunday in October.

—The "Ministers' Institute" will meet in Newton (suburb) October 17th, and continues during most of the week. Matters to be discussed are "Zoroaster and Jesus," "The Psalms," "Are Acquired Qualities Inherited?" "Progress in Theology," "Progressive Orthodoxy," "The New Unitarianism," "European Socialism," "Faith Within and Without the Soul," "Reports on Books."

La Porte, Ind.—"The Unity Circle," of the Unitarian church, issues a very attractive circular containing a double program of study for the coming year. One part is occupied by topics grouped together under the following heads: Social Science, Physical and Natural Science, Ethical Science, Political Science, Mental Science. The second part takes up the study of "American History," (the second year of a three-years' course). The topics cover the formation of our national government and its administration under the various parties down to the election of Lincoln. Attention is also given to the "Industrial development of the United States."

—Rev. A. N. Somers announces the following list of subjects for lecture engagements, "at reasonable rates:" Fetichism in America; Voodooism among the Southern Negroes; Mythology of the American Indians; The Mountaineers of the Alleghanies; Tramps and Cadgers, The Philosophy of Vagabondism; Negro Myths, and Legends, in the "Sunny South"; Possibilities of the Leisure Hour; The Extension of Culture: Methods; Moral and Criminal Epidemics; American Archæology. Single lectures or courses from 4 to 12.

Sioux City, Ia.—At the opening service, following the summer vacation, Miss Safford and Miss Gordon were greeted by a congregation that filled the house. Miss Safford, just from her summer in Europe, spoke from the text, "I came that they might have life," paying her tribute to Whittier in the sermon. A local paper gives a column report of the services. The Unity Circle has issued its calendar for October; meetings are held each Thursday afternoon and conversations are held upon various topics. Several afternoons of the coming year will be given to the study of "certain famous Philanthropists." The Unity Club calendar for the year has been issued. The "Poetry" section will continue the study of George Eliot's writings ("Mill on the Floss" and "Middlemarch"); the "History" section will give the year to "The Evolution of the Republic." The plan includes a study of early discoveries and the social and political development of the different colonies. Work along all lines is taken up by the church, with promise of a profitable year. There were fifty persons in the Bible class last Sunday.

Decorah, Ia.—A Religious Council, under the auspices of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, will be held at Decorah, Ia., on Nov. 1-3. Several Chicago friends have promised to be present and take part in these meetings, besides others in the more immediate neighborhood. It is not yet possible to outline the program, but enough is known to satisfy one that an excellent meeting will be realized.

Arkansas City, Kans.—A new religious society has been recently organized under the name of "All Souls Unitarian Parish." The movement has been begun by Rev. C. H. Rogers, recently of the Universalist fellowship. A Sunday-school has been gathered, and interest in the movement has steadily increased.

Chicago.—The society for Ethical Culture began its lecture season at the Grand opera-house on October 2. M. M. Mangasarian, after an absence of several months, resumed the platform and spoke on "Is the World Growing Better."

Stoughton, Wis.—Mrs. O. R. Washburn, at one time a student at Meadville, has accepted a call from the Universalist parish at Stoughton, Wis.

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"A book of rare strength and poise. . . . Places its author in the front rank of American biblical scholars."—*The Unitarian.*
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i.—Goethe puts the standard, once for all, inside every man, instead of outside him.

t.—The energy of life may be kept on after the grave, but not begun.

—*M. Arnold.*

Mother's Little Lad.

Never far from mother's side—
  Helping set the table;
Drying dishes is his pride,
  Anything he's able.
Trilling a soft melody
  To baby, is his fad;
Runs on errands readily—
  My helpful little lad!

Picture books are his delight,
  He wants to learn to read;
Dearly loves to fly a kite
  Along a flowery mead.
Overmuch inclined to thought,
  He's strongly like his dad;
Mystic mind with wonder fraught,—
  Reflective little lad!

Questions wise, of grave import,
  He asks and asks again;
Cables, motors, are his forte,
  Engines and a train.
Quaintly clinging are his ways,
  Sometimes they make me sad,
Fearful lest I ne'er should raise
  My darling little lad!

Neither beautiful, nor strong,
  Just loving, tender, true;
Lips that quiver at a wrong,
  Eyes of heaven's own hue;
Truthful, kind, with impulse good,
  Though sometimes cross and bad,
Deeply o'er his faults doth brood—
  A contrite little lad!

Timid, sensitive of nerve,
  Gentle as quiet rill,—
Has not half the dash and nerve
  That mark his brother Phil.
None would ever notice him,
  And say—to make him glad—
"Whose boy's that?" but this, with vim,
  "He's mother's little lad!"

MAY R. HAYMES.

For the Baby.

A little girl, who perhaps had arved and drudged for a dozen years, ent into the store of a florist and the nid, pathetic eyes, which were the le beauty of her pinched, unhealthy ce, eagerly watched a clerk who as busily building a huge basket roses.

The clerk, being busy, gave the rl a sharp look and said, "Well?"

"I want some roses," said the girl, yly, and in a low voice.

"How many?"

"Can I get two white ones and ellow one and some green leaves for at?" and she held out three dimes.

"Yes," replied the clerk, shortly, d he picked up three roses and proeded to arrange them.

The little girl watched in silence ntil the little bouquet was almost finhed and then said, in an explanary, "They're for the baby."

"What does a baby want of owers?" exclaimed the clerk.

"She don't want them. She's dead ou know."

Three more white roses went into e cluster, and, when they were iven to the child she exclaimed, Oh, how much is it?"

"Nothing," said the clerk, and he ushed the three little bits of silver ack into the hand which offered em, and plunged half his body into e ice-chest in search of something e did not want.—*American Youth.*

A Boston Dog Story.

The stories about dogs on railroad trains call out another. His master, so Listener is informed by a credible correspondent, habitually took the dog from one town to another. One day the dog heard his master say, "*Shut that dog up; I am going from S—— to Boston to-day, and I can't take him with me.*" The dog disappeared. His owner took the train. No dog anywhere around; but stepping out at a way-station *en route* he saw the dog peeping out of the baggage car door and watching him, evidently quite prepared to jump off, too, if his master did not get on board. The dog had got on the train first, and had popped into the baggage car and kept himself out of his master's view. If there is any canine equivalent for the expression, "*It's a cold day when I get left,*" the dog, no doubt, uttered it when his master resumed charge of him on the train.—*Boston Transcript.*

A CHINESE mandarin, proud of appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was thus accosted:

"Sir, I thank you for your jewels."

"What do you mean?" said the mandarin; "for I have not given you any jewels."

"No; but you have let me look at them, and that is as much as you can do yourself. So there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of putting them on, and I have not."—*Selected.*

AN Oriental potentate once bade his prime minister compose for him a motto that would answer both for seasons of prosperity and adversity. Here is the sentence which the minister had engraved upon the monarch's signet ring:—"This too shall soon pass away."

The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.
—*John Vance Cheney.*

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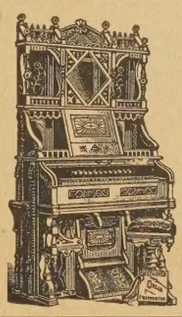

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The Sunday-School.

History of the Religion of Israel.

Fourth Lesson.

Why is Samuel, the last of the so-called Judges, the most interesting of all? What has he done for the cause of Jahveh? (See W. C. Gannett's "Growth of the Hebrew Religion," p. 6 and 7.)

By which lovely legends has his youth been illustrated? (1 Sam. 1 to 2: 26 and 3). Can we rely on their historic truth? (B. f. L., I. p. 442–445.)

What was the purpose of the Nazarites, and how to explain their crude external appearance? What was the difference between them and the schools of the prophets? (B. f. L. 454–457.) In which way did Samuel show his religious zeal? (1 Sam. 15: 2, 3. Knappert, p. 59, 63–69. B. f. L., I. p. 451, 452.)

Can we see any connection between this zeal and the wish of the people for a king? (B. f. L., 457, 458; 473, 474.) Do you know the fable of Jotham in Judges 9?

What was, according to the books of Samuel, the reason owing to which Saul lost the friendship and protection of the old prophet? Why, although Saul here seems to merit Samuel's classic lecture (1 Sam. 15: 22), are we compelled to feel sympathy for this man driven to insanity by hierarchical implacability? (1 Sam. 10: 21–23, 26, 27; 11: 5 to 13; 16: 14 to 23. 2 Sam. 1: 19 to 27. B. f. L., I. p. 500, 501.)

Is the author of the books of Samuel impartial in his communication and judgment? B. f. L., 490 to 492.

In what respect does David resemble Saul. In which quality does he surpass him? David was first of all an hero in an age of continuous warfare. (1 Sam. 18: 6, 7; 2 Sam. 8: 1 to 14.) Do you know passages in the books of Samuel which remind us of the heroes of Homer? (2 Sam. 2: 12 to 28; 2 Sam. 3: 21 to 39.)

David's cruelty was horrible (2 Sam. 12: 29 to 31). His sensual passions knew no limits (Bathsheba and the murder of Uriah. B. f. L., II. p. 37). And his religion? (See 1 Sam. 26: 19; 2 Sam. 21: 1 to 14. But, also, 2 Sam. 6: 13 to 22—where his identification of the ark with Jahveh himself can not darken the admirable simplicity, with which he professed his reverence for what was holy to him,—and above all, 2 Sam. 12: 1 to 7 and 13.)

FOR THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

Read with them the legends of Samuel's youth, 1 Sam. 1 to 2–26; 3: 1 to 18. Early piety, like that of every age, consists in answering, when God calls us, "Thy servant heareth." Then even bad society, like that of the sons of Eli, will not corrupt us.

Happily God's voice will tell us in our days better things than according to 1 Sam. 15: 1 to 3 and 10, 11, Samuel understood in his age.

According to the wish of the people Saul had been elected king, although a warning against royalty in general was given in Jotham's fable. (Judges 9.) What is a fable? Is it the same as a parable?

What do you find to admire in Saul's character? His humility (1 Sam. 10: 21 to 23). His heroism and magnaminity (1 Sam. 11: 1 to 13). Hear how even David at Saul's death lamented him. 2 Sam. 1: 19 to 27.

Why was he so changed afterwards? So cowardly of hiding himself behind his people to cover his guilt (1 Sam. 15: 24); so jealous of David (1 Sam. 18: 6 to 11); so easily forsaking his better impressions (1 Sam. 22: 1 to 22); so superstitious (1 Sam. 28: 7 to 14), and at last without his usual courage (1 Sam. 31: 1 to 6)? Because he believed in Samuel as a prophet of Jahveh, and therefore felt himself rebuked by his God, as soon as Samuel had rejected him. Every one loses his good humor, his noble character, his better impulses, his inner peace, when his bad conscience vexes him, and he feels himself no longer guided and protected by God.

Publisher's Notes.

The last number of *The Dial* contains the following appreciative review of Mr. Salter's new book, which will be mailed from this office to any address on receipt of one dollar:

Works on philosophy are commonly very difficult reading for one unversed in metaphysical terminology; even those claiming to be elementary are generally weighted down with words and phrases and allusions to schools of thought to a degree that implies considerable knowledge of the past history of philosophical inquiry. A happy exception to this rule is presented by William M. Salter's "First Steps in Philosophy" (C. H. Kerr & Co.). Every system of philosophy, from the days of the old Greeks to our own, starts from the same fundamental questions; all have the same aim—to offer a consistent theory of the universe,—yet none, whether theistic, monistic, or materialistic, can make any advance without first declaring its attitude concerning these elementary ideas. Mr. Salter's little book takes two of these fundamental conceptions—namely, Matter and Duty,—and attempts to arrive at some clear notion of what we mean by these familiar words. The method is entirely scientific and thorough, yet so simple as to language and illustration, that the word "Philosophy" seems robbed of the abstruseness with which it is commonly associated. Admirable, also, is the justice which Mr. Salter does to the theories of others; the frankness with which he discusses the difficulties presented by his own views; the courage with which he looks forward to a humanity perfected through a recognition that duty means a harmonious development of all the faculties, and that wherever man is there the ends of man shall be accomplished. Readers of the "First Steps" will not shrink from following Mr. Salter in that further walk which he promises, leading to philosophy proper and presenting the outlines of a consistent theory of the universe. What name he will give it, he does not yet know. But that it will be the result of clear and original thinking, this preliminary work is sufficient evidence.

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